

T H E
Recruiting Serjeant,
A
MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT;
As it is Perform'd at the
T H E A T R E - R O Y A L
I N
D R U R Y - L A N E.



D U B L I N :

Printed for J. WILLIAMS, W. COLLES,
R. MONCRIEFFE, and J. PORTER.
M.DCC.LXXI.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Piece was performed last Summer at RANELAGH ; but, though very much approved by the best Judges of Musical Composition, by being performed in an Orchestra, lost the better Part of its Effect.

It was thought it would please more in Action upon the Theatre ; and with the Addition of a new Scene and Chorus, and a *Ballet* suitable to the Subject ; is now, accordingly, once more presented to the Public, with the necessary Advantages of Dresses and Decorations.

The Music is composed by Mr. DIBDLN, who has already had the Honour to be particularly distinguished by the Public, for his Songs in the PADLOCK and the JUBILEE : it is presumed, he has been at least as happy in this, as in any of his former Compositions. As to the Words, being calculated merely for the Use of the Composer, the Author hopes, in that Light only they will be considered.

Dramatis Personæ.

SERJEANT,

Mr. Bannister.

COUNTRYMAN,

Mr. Dibdin.

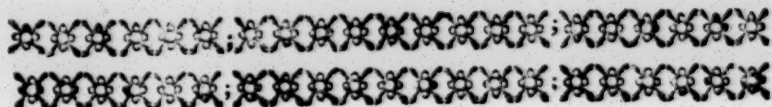
WIFE,

Mrs. Wrighten.

MOTHER,

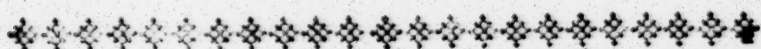
Mrs. Dorman.

SCENE, a COUNTRY PLACE.



T H E

Recruiting Serjeant.



Scene, the View of a Village, with a Bridge: on one Side, near the Front, a Cottage; on the other, at the Foot of the Bridge, an Ale-house. When the Curtain rises, two Light-horse Men, supposed to be on their march, are discovered, sitting at the Ale-house Door, with their Arms against the Wall; their Horses at some distance. The Serjeant then passes with his Party over the Bridge, Drums and Fifes playing; and afterwards the Countryman, his Wife, and his Mother come out from the Cottage.

QUARTETTO.

SERJEANT.

ALL gallant lads, who know no fears,
To the drum-head repair:
To serve the king for volunteers,
Speak you, my boys; that dare.
Come, who'll be a grenadier?
The listing money down,
Is three guineas, and a crown,
To be spent in punch, or beer.

A 3

COUNTRY-

6 RECRUITING SERJEANT.

COUNTRYMAN.

Adds flesh, I'll go with him.

MOTHER.

Oh no.

WIFE.

Dear Joe.

COUNTRYMAN.

Adds flesh, I'll go with him.

A. 2.

Oh no!

COUNTRYMAN.

Adds flesh, but I will :
So hold your tongues still.
Nor mother, nor wife,
Thof they strive for their life,
Shall baulk't ; an my fancy be so.

SERJEANT.

Come beat away a Royal March.
Rub, rub, rub a dub ;
Rub, rub, rub a dub :
Of no poltroons I come in search,
Who cowardly sneak ;
When the tongues of war speak :
But of noble souls, who death dare stand,
Against the foes of old England.

COUNTRYMAN.

I'll be a soldier, so that's flat.

A. 2.

You won't, you won't.

COUNTRY-

RECRUITING SERJEANT. 7

COUNTRYMAN.

I'll be dead, an I don't ;
What wou'd the teasing toads be at ;

MOTHER.

You graceless rogue,
Is your heart a stone !

WIFE.

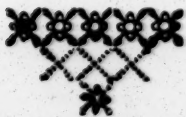
I'm flesh of your flesh,
And bone of your bone.

COUNTRYMAN.

Zounds, let me alone.

SERJEANT.

Drums strike up a flourish, and follow me now
All honest hearts and clever ;
Free quarters and beer at the sign of the Plow ;
Huzza ! King George for ever.



8 RECRUITING SERJEA NT.



S C E N E II.

*The Serjeant, the Countryman, the Mother, the Wife;
some of the Party go into the Ale-house with the Light-
horse Men.*

C O U N T R Y M A N.

Hip, Measter Serjeant.

W I F E.

Go, yourself destroy.

S E R J E A N T.

What says my cock?

C O U N T R Y M A N.

Mayhop I wants employ.

A lad about my foize, though, wou'd na' do,

S E R J E A N T.

Ay, for a colonel.

C O U N T R Y M A N.

And a coptain too!

S E R J E A N T.

For both, or either.

C O U N T R Y M A N.

But, I doubts, d'ye see,

Such pleaces are na' for the loikes o'me.

S E R J E A N T.

RECRUITING SERJEANT. 9

SERJEANT.

Lift for a soldier, first, ne'er fear the rest :
This guinea ———

MOTHER.

Joe, his cursed gould detest.
Art not a sham'd, an honest mon to 'tice ?
The king shou'd know it.

COUNTRYMAN.

Who wants yowr advice ?

A I R.

MOTHER.

Out upon thee, wicked locust,
Worse in country nor a plague ;
Men by thee are hocust, pocust,
Into danger and fatigue :
And the Justices outbear thee
In thy tricks, but I don't fear thee,
No, nor those that with thee league.
My son has enough at home,
He needs not for bread to roam ;
Already his pay,
Is twelve-pence a day,

A 5

His

10 RECRUITING SERJEANT.

His honest labour's fruits ;
Then get thee a trudging quick,
For gad, if I take a stick,
I'll make thee repent,
When here thee wert sent,
A drumming for recruits.



SCENE

S C E N E



S C E N E III.

The Serjeant, the Countryman, the Wife ; the Mother going into the Cottage, returns with three little Children.

C O U N T R Y M A N .

Then won't you go, and let a body be ?

S E R J E A N T .

Zounds, is the woman mad !

M O T H E R .

Dawn't swear at me.

W I F E .

Dear Joseph, what's come o'er thee ? tell me, do :
Three babes we have, I work for them, and you ;
You work for us, and both together earn,
What keeps them tight, and puts them out to learn.
But if a soldiering, you're bent to roam,
We all shall shortly to the parish come ;
And the churchwardens, no one to befriend us,
Will, for the next thing, to the workhouse send us.
Thee know'st at workhouse how poor folks are serv'd ;
Bill, Tom, and Susan, will be quickly starv'd.

A I R .

* A I R.

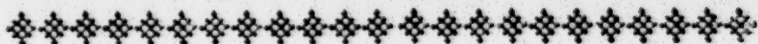
Oh cou'd you bear to view,
Your little Tom and Sue ;
Ta'en up by crofs o'erfeers ;
And think that helps I,
To give them, when they cry,
Have nothing but my tears?

You cannot have the heart,
With them and me to part,
For folks, you know not who !
With richer friends than we,
And prouder you may be,
But none will prove so true.

* Taking a Boy and Girl, one in each Hand.



S C E N E



S C E N E IV.

The Serjeant, the Countryman, the Mother.

SERJEANT.

Comrade, your hand : I love a lad of soul ;
Your name, to enter on my muster roll ;
To Justice Swear'em then, to take our oath :

COUNTRYMAN.

Hold, Serjeant, hold, there's time enough for both.
If I've a moind to list, I'll list, d'ye see ;
But some discourse first, betwixt yow and me.
A souldier's life ———

SERJEANT.

The finest life that goes ;
Free quarters ev'ry where ———

COUNTRYMAN.

Ay, that we knows.

SERJEANT.

Then wenches !

COUNTRYMAN.

You've free quarters too, with they ;
Girls love the red coats ———

SERJEANT.

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SERJEANT.

Gad, and well they may.

COUNTRYMAN.

But when to fareign wars your men resort
Fighting—a battle——

SERJEANT.

'Tis the rarest sport.

COUNTRYMAN.

Tell us a little about that.

SERJEANT.

I will.

WIFE.

Don't listen to him, Joe!

COUNTRYMAN.

Do you be still.

A I R.

SERJEANT.

What a charming thing's a battle!
Trumpets sounding, drums a beating;
Crack, crick, crack, the cannons rattle.
Ev'ry heart with joy elating.
With what pleasure are we spying,
From the front and from the rear,

Round

Round us in the smoaky air,
 Heads, and limbs, and bullets flying !
 Then the groans of soldiers dying :
 Just like sparrows, as it were,
 At each pop,
 Hundreds drop ;
 While the muskets prittle prattle :
 Kill'd and wounded,
 Lie confounded ;
 What a charming thing's a battle !
 But the pleasant joke of all,
 Is when to close attack we fall ;
 Like mad bulls each other butting,
 Shooting, stabbing, maiming, cutting ;
 Horse and foot,
 All go to't,
 Kill's the word, both men and cattle ;
 Then to plunder :
 Blood and thunder,
 What a charming thing's a battle !

S C E N E



S C E N E V.

The Serjeant, the Countryman, the Mother, the Wife.

M O T H E R.

Call you this charming? 'Tis the work of hell.

W I F E.

How do'st thou like it, Joe?

C O U N T R Y M A N.

Why pretty well.

S E R J E A N T.

But pretty well!

C O U N T R Y M A N.

Why need there be more said?

But may'nt I happen too to lose my head?

S E R J E A N T.

Your head!

C O U N T R Y M A N.

Ay.

S E R J E A N T.

Let me see! your head, my buck!

C O U N

RECRUITING SERJEANT. 17

COUNTRYMAN.

A leg, or arm too?

SERJEANT.

Not if you've good luck.

SERJEANT.

The chance of war is doubtful still;
Soldiers must run the risk——

COUNTRYMAN.

They may that will.

SERJEANT.

Why, how now, Joseph, sure you mean to jest!

COUNTRYMAN.

I have thought twice, and second thoughts are best.
Shew folks with beasts to our village came,
And hung at door a picture of their game;
Bears, lions, tygers, there were four or five;
And all so like, you'd swear they were alive.
A gaping at the cloth, the mon spied me,
For two-pence, friend, you may walk in, says he;
But, gad, I was more wise, and walked my way;
I saw so much for naught, I would not pay.
To see a battle thus, my moind was bent;
But you've so well describ'd it, I'm content.

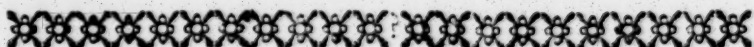
SERJEANT.

Come, brother soldiers, let us then be gone:
Thou art a base paltroon——

COUNTRYMAN.

That's all as one.

A I R.



S C E N E V.

The Serjeant, the Countryman, the Mother, the Wife.

M O T H E R.

Call you this charming? 'Tis the work of hell.

W I F E.

How do'st thou like it, Joe?

C O U N T R Y M A N.

Why pretty well.

S E R J E A N T.

But pretty well!

C O U N T R Y M A N.

Why need there be more said?

But may'nt I happen too to lose my head?

S E R J E A N T.

Your head!

C O U N T R Y M A N.

Ay.

S E R J E A N T.

Let me see! your head, my buck!

C O U N-

RECRUITING SERJEANT. 17

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Shew folks with beasts to our village came,
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Bears, lions, tygers, there were four or five;
And all so like, you'd swear they were alive.
A gaping at the cloth, the mon spied me,
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But, gad, I was more wise, and walked my way;
I saw so much for naught, I would not pay.
To see a battle thus, my moind was bent;
But you've so well describ'd it, I'm content.

SERJEANT.

Come, brother soldiers, let us then be gone:
Thou art a base paltroon——

COUNTRYMAN.

That's all as one.

A I R.

18 RECRUITING SERJEANT.

A I R.

Ay, ay, master Serjeant, I wish you good day,
You've no need at present, I thank you, to stay ;
My stomach for battle's gone from me, I trow ;
When it comes back again, I'll take care you shall
know.

With cudgel, or fist, as long as you list ;
But as for this fighting,
Which some take delight in ;
This slashing and smashing, with sword and with gun ;
On consideration, I've no inclination,
To be the partaker of any such fun.
I'll e'en stay at home in my village,
And carry no arms but for tillage ;
My wounds shall be made,
With the scythe or the spade,
If ever my blood should be shed.
A finger or so
Shou'd one wound, or a toe ;
For such a disaster
There may be a plaister,
But no plaister sticks on a head.

SCENE



S C E N E VI.

The Countryman, the Wife, the Mother.

W I F E.

Then wilt thou stay Joe?

M O T H E R.

Wilt thee, boy of mine?

C O U N T R Y M A N.

Wife give's the hand, and Mother give us thine.
Last night you dodg'd me to the ale-house, Jane;
I swore to be reveng'd——

W I F E.

I see it plain.

C O U N T R Y M A N.

I swore to be reveng'd, and vow'd, in short,
To list ma, to be even with thee for't.
But kifs me, now my plaguy anger's o'er.

W I F E.

And I'll ne'er dodge thee to the ale-house more.

D U E T.

20 RECRUITING SERJEANT.

D U E T.

C O U N T R Y M A N.

From henceforth, wedded to my farm,
My thoughts shall never rove on harm ;
I to the field perchance may go,
But it shall be to reap or sow.

W I F E.

Now blessings on thy honest heart,
Thy wife shall bear an equal part ;
Work thee without doors ; she within,
Will keep the house, and card and spin.

C O U N T R Y M A N.

How foolish they in love with strife,
Who quit the peaceful country life ;

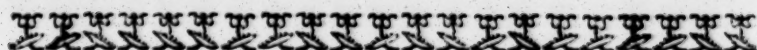
W I F E.

Where wholesome labour is the best,
And surest guide to balmy rest !

A. 2.

That lot true happiness secures,
And, blest'd be prais'd, is mine and yours.
Content beneath the humble shed,
We'll toil to earn our babies bread ;
With mutual kindness bear love's yoke,
And pity greater, finer folk.

S C E N E



SCENE THE LAST.

Here is introduced an Entertainment of Dancing, in the Characters of Light-Horse Men, Recruits, and Country Girls ; after which the Serjeant comes out, with a Drinking Glass in his Hand, followed by his Party, to the Country-man, the Wife, and the Mother, who have been looking on the Dance.

SERJEANT.

Well, countryman, art off the lifting pin,
Yet, wilt thou beat a march?

WIFE.

Dear Joe! come in.

MOTHER.

Hang-dog be gone, and tempt my boy no more.

WIFE.

Do, Serjeant, pray now.

COUNTRYMAN.

Mother, Wife, give o'er.
I see the gentleman no harm intends.

SERJEANT.

I! Heav'n forbid; but let us part like friends.
,We've got a bottle here, of humming ale.
Tis the King's health.

COUN-

22 RECRUITING SERJEANT.

COUNTRYMAN.

And that I never fail.
Lord love, and blefs him, he's an honest man.

SERJEANT.

Lads, where's your music ?

COUNTRYMAN.

Nay, fill up the can.
We'll drink the Royal Family.

SERJEANT.

So do :
King Queen, and all.

COUNTRYMAN.

And Jane shall drink them too.

A I R.

Here's a health to King George ; peace and glory at-
tend him ;
He's merciful, pious ; he's prudent and just ;
Long life, and a race like himself, Heav'n send him,
And humble the foes to his crown in the dust.

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

Beat drums, beat amain :
 Let the ear-piercing fife,
 To our measures give life ;
 While each British heart,
 In the health bears a part,
 And joins the loyal strain.

W I F E.

Here's a health to the Queen ; gracious, mild and
 engaging,
 Accomplish'd in all that a woman should own ;
 The cares of her consort with softness asswaging,
 Whose manners add splendor, and grace to a throne.

C H O R U S.

Beat drums, beat amain :
 Let the ear-piercing fife,
 To our measures give life ;
 While each British heart,
 In the health bears a part,
 And joins the loyal strain.

M O T H E R.

Here's a health to those beautiful babes, whom the
 nation
 Regards as a pledge from the fire it reveres ;
 Heav'n sheild the sweet plants, from each rude visita-
 tion,
 And rear them to fullness of virtue and years.

C H O R U S.

C H O R U S.

Beat drums, beat amain ;
Let the ear-piercing fife
To our measures give life ;
While each British heart,
In the health bears a part,
And joins the loyal strain.

S E R J E A N T.

Here's success to his majesty's arms ; ever glorious,
And great may they be, on the land and the main :
As just is their cause, may they still prove victorious,
And punish the rashness of France and of Spain.

C H O R U S.

Beat drums, beat amain ;
Let the ear-piercing fife
To our measures give life ;
While each British heart,
In the health bears a part,
And joins the loyal strain.

F I N I S.

